O that my heart would burſt. The bloody proclamation
To eſcape that followed me ſo neere,
(O our liues ſweetneſſe, that with the paine of death
VVould hourely dye, rather then dye at once)
Taught me to ſhift into a mad-mans rags,
To aſſume a ſemblance that very dogges diſdain'd:
And in this habit met I my father with his bleeding rings,
The precious ſtones new loſt; Became his guide,
Led him, begd for him, ſau'd him from diſpaire.
Neuer (O Father) reueald my ſelfe vnto him,
Vntill ſome halfe houre paſt when I was arm'd,
Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſſe,
I askt his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flawd heart
Alacke too weake the conflict to ſupport,
Twixt two extremes of paſſion, ioy and greefe,
Burſt ſmilingly.

Baſt. This ſpeech of yours hath mooued me,
And ſhall perchance do good, but ſpeake you on,
You looke as you had ſomething more to ſay.

Alb. If there be any more more woefull, hold it in.
For I am almoſt readie to diſſolue.

Edg. This would haue ſeem'd a period to ſuch
As loue not ſorrow, but another to amplifie too much,
VVould make much more, and top extremity.
VVhilſt I was big in clamor, came there in a man,
VVho hauing ſeene me in my worſt eſtate,
Shund my abhord ſociety: but then finding
Who twas that ſo indur'd, with his ſtrong armes
He faſtened on my necke, and bellowd out
As hee'd burſt heauen, threw me on my father,
And told the pitteous tale of *Lear* and him,
That euer eare receiued, which in recounting
His greefe grew puiſant, and the ſtrings of life
Began to cracke twice, then the trumpets ſounded,
And there I left him traunſt.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg.

Edg. *Kent* ſir, the baniſ
Followed his enemy king
Improper for a ſlaue.

Enter on

Gent. Helpe, helpe.
Alb. What kinde of he
Gent. Its hot, it ſmokes
Alb. Who man? ſpeake
Gent. Your Lady ſir, yo
By her is poyſon'd: ſhe ha
Baſt. I was contracted
Now marry in an inſtant.
Alb. Produce their bo
This iuſtice of the heauen
Touches not with pity.
Edg. Here comes *Ken*
Alb. O tis he, the tim
The complement that ve
Kent. I am come to bid
Is he not heere?
Alb. Great things of v
king, and wher's *Cordelia*
The bodies of Go
Kent. Alacke, why thu
Baſt. Yet *Edmund* was
my ſake, and after ſlew h
Alb. Euen ſo, couer th
Baſt. I pant for life: ſo
owne nature. Quickly
Writ, tis on the life of *L*
Alb. Run, run, O run.
Edg. To who my Lor
Send thy token of repree
Baſt. Well thought o
Alb. Haſt thee for thy
Baſt. He hath commi
delia in the priſon, and t

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